



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

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POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE BOSTON TOKEN FOR 1829.

The Ruse.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Philip Blondel was universally allowed to be the best fellow in the class. He was one of those rare characters whose virtues are so transparent that they cast no shadow on those behind. He excited no envy—no, not a breath; and when he stood up in his modest way, and made a brilliant recitation, there was no coughing, or changing of contemptuous looks, as there would sometimes be when a fine scholar read well. Every eye rested on his bright red lips, for he was handsome as a girl—and a good natured smile passed round the division when the tutor, with an unusual emphasis on the adverb, stopped him with "*Very well, Blondel very well!*"

I said he was handsome. Do not understand me that he was effeminate. If you had seen the strong, decided outline of the lower part of his face, the slight, but nervous curl of his under lip, the masculine, but not too great prominence of his cheek bone, and, above all, the large, calm, collected eye, that looked as if it could think, you would have felt yourself in the presence of a man.

Blondel was a popular fellow but he had not at all the character which one who knows college life would infer from the expression. In nine cases out of ten a popular man is made up of negative qualities. He must be no scholar—for this would excite envy; not talented—for even his idleness would outshine industry; not economical—for then he must refuse his wardrobe and his purse to the extravagant; not sensitive—for he must stand quizzery; not chivalrous—for then he must take sides with the weak; not conscientious—for then he must discountenance the abandoned; not careful of his reputation or his habits, or choice of his

company—for then he must avoid half his class, and keep only terms of courtesy with the remainder. Blondel's was a just popularity, and there is now and then a rare instance of it, where the character is so crowded with virtues that there is no mark for hatred, and where superiority is borne so unassumingly, that, while you remember it, you forget that you are inferior.

Philip was popular in society; but there the scale is different. It arose, in that case, from his peculiar talents, which enabled him to make every one appear to the best advantage, just as the adroit player at battledore makes even an unskilful opponent play well. Conversation was to him, like unsealing a fountain, it was perfectly natural and spontaneous; and the thoughts sprung in his well-ordered mind, with a harmony and proportion which every one felt, though no one stopped to ask why it was that he never was so cheated of time as when he was talking with Philip Blondel. His mind had that power of delicate and subtle association which is the great secret of conversational superiority. His general knowledge gave this natural talent play; and in remembering the conversation you had had with him, you wondered that you should have appeared so well yourself, and glided so easily from one subject to another.

In the course of our senior year, Philip suddenly left us, and we learned to our surprise, that he had taken the place of tutor to a family in a retired village of New-England. He had never been extravagant in expenditure, but we knew, by many generous tokens that his allowance was one of the most liberal in college, and he was the last person for whom we had anticipated such a necessity. We knew nothing of his circumstances, as he came from a part of the country with which none of us were acquainted. There was however, an indifference to mute circumstances, and an elegance in the arrangement of his room which the habits of narrow economy never produce. I do not mean that poverty influences materially the

generous feelings; I speak only of that refined disinterestedness in the trifles of every-day intercourse among young men, which, in single instances, amount to nothing, but which adds far more than some important virtues to the comfort and happiness of society. It is not a virtue for it is the spontaneous offspring of luxury; but, insignificant as it is, it is the great distinction between good breeding and vulgarity, and has more to do with the pleasantness of a companion than traits which stand higher in the calendar of virtues.

We were sure from Blondel's whole bearing that his early education had been liberal, and even luxurious; and as the change in his situation, was probably owing to a reverse of fortune, an uncommon sympathy was felt for him throughout college, and every one was lamenting that one, whose feelings were so high-toned and sensitive, should be obliged to suffer the mortifications of an inferior capacity.

The sun was setting gloriously over the Housatonic as Philip stopped at the gate of Mr. Blair, the gentleman to whom his letter was directed. A rich mellow light poured up the broad avenue of elms, and the windows at its extremity looked set with panes of gold. It was just after a shower, and the wet leaves were glittering and shaking off their drops; and the mingled fragrance which every glowing thing sends up after a rain, seemed as if it would intoxicate the senses. Philip thought he had never seen so beautiful an evening. He walked slowly on, with his eyes fixed upon a crimson cloud which hung just above the horizon, forgetting entirely the unpleasant feelings with which he had all day anticipated this very moment.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed, as he stopped, with one foot on the step of the portico, to watch a deep purple tint that was just stealing over the cloud.

"You may well say that, Mr. Blondel," said a voice like the tone of a rich instrument.

A lady of small and exquisitely proportioned figure stepped out from behind one of the pillars, and offered him her hand, with a face expressive of mingled pleasure and astonishment.

"I am happy to see you," she continued, as Philip stood like a statue, gazing at her in perfect silence, "but I confess my surprize."

A blush of the deepest crimson passed over his face as he handed her the open letter, introducing him as the expected tutor.

"How is this, Mr. Blondel?" said she, in a tone of real concern; "have you been so unfortunate?"

"Do not ask me for an explanation now," said Philip with a strong effort at composure; "leave me and treat me as a stranger when we meet."

She was about to reply, when a step was heard in the hall and he rung the bell violently as she disappeared round the corner of the colonade.

The summer before, Blondel had met at the springs the lady now introduced to the reader. She was then just passing from the girl to the woman, and was enough of either to craze Zenocrates. Her person was small, and her face—I can't describe it. A painter would not make a tolerable picture of it—but if she smiled on you, you were undone. It was not often that she smiled upon any body, for she was the most bewitchingly proud creature under heaven; and though she laughed constantly her mirth was for her own precious amusement, and it was quite gracious enough to her admirers that they were permitted to hear it—delicious music that it was; and as for giving a reason for any thing she chose to do, it was a condescension she never dreamed of. And then her pride—that beautiful pride—which, resist it as you would, made you feel that her own sweet happiness was the most important thing under heaven; and her dignity, which you would never forget if it was put on for your illumination, and which associated your idea of that quality for ever after with miniature proportions and a pouting lip; and her motion, for which you would swear she had invisible wings; and her tone of all compass from the readiest murmur of affection, to the carol of her bewildering laugh expressing equally the subtlest shade of thought and the keenest reach of penetration—all these, and a world more that is prouder and lovelier, if you will take a lover's word for it was expressed in these two sweet words, Alice Blair.

I would not for the world say, that when Philip Blondel was introduced to the lady we have now attempted to describe, she fell in love with him. I would not, if I dared, utter such treason against the icicle on "Dian's temple;" but I will say, and you may draw your own conclusions, lady—that when that gentleman had talked to her, in his deepest tone, for one brief half hour, they were as well acquainted as if she had pulled his ears and kept her books in his satchel from her cradle up; and when the rose fell from her bosom, for which a hundred authentic dandies, then present, would have pawned their copy of Neckclothiana, she suffered him to put it in his bosom unreprieved—a condescension, which to those who were not eye-witnesses, was perfectly incredible.

"Alice, my dear," said Mr. Blair, as Philip entered the room the evening of his arrival, "this is Mr. Blondel—the gentleman who is to be your tutor. Mr. Blondel, my daughter, your future pupil, sir."

Philip bowed low.

"Mr. Skefton, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Blondel."

The gentleman thus introduced was a priggish, city-bred looking man, of about thirty. He nodded carelessly to Philip, without looking at him, and resumed his amusement of tormenting a small spaniel who was jumping at his fingers.

Mr. Blair made several ineffectual attempts to engage the tutor in conversation with his daughter, till, weary and exhausted of his topics he said something of the lateness of the hour, and, whispering a word or two of gentle reproof in her ear for her want of sociability, received her kiss, and she retired.

"My daughter is young, sir," said he to Philip, as he set down the candle in his room; "but I trust you will find her a docile pupil. This reserve will wear off upon acquaintance."

The order of duties was the next day settled and the tutor and pupil were soon deep in Tasso and philosophy.

Mr. Blair was a well-bred man, of no particular character; one of whom you could say any thing without any fear of contradiction. He was struck at the first interview with Philip's superiority and gentlemanly address, and being a man of literary habits, he found the pleasure of his society growing daily. His confidence increased as he discovered the sincerity and candour of his mind, and, with an eye to the intellectual improvement of his daughter—whose natural shyness, under the singular circumstances of Philip's introduction to the house, he mistook for dislike—he gave their intercourse a tacit encouragement, and frequently remonstrated with her upon her unreasonable aversion.

It is not to be supposed but that a *tete-a-tete* perusal of an Italian poet would now and then render this aversion less manifest; and certain it was that some passages were read in an under tone, and with a heightened colour, which he "of the word and pen" would have taken as a high compliment—making no account of sympathies.

Conversation, too, in that language of beautiful diminutives and sweet adjectives of endearment—the indispensable pronoun coming in so musically, but with such a dangerous tenderness, and the long, liquid superlatives, which before you are aware, by their very melody, beguile you into expressions which in English, the same ear might never listen to, and the same lip would die sooner than repeat, no, no—I would not swear, when the twilight blurred the text of the "eagle hearted bard,"—I would not swear without mental reservation, to the aversion we spoke of.

And then the lesson in philosophy—dangerous, delicious philosophy! with its chapters upon the "Simple Affections," and "Immediate Emotions;" the delicate nature of its only evidence, and its appeal to the disciple's heart for the truth of its principles!—take a young man's word for it, old gentleman, there are no two things to be avoided for your sweet girls like poetry and philosophy. Never trust a tutor to teach them; it is like translating them into a new world, and leaving them alone with its Adam; for poetry will make itself a world and who so likely to be its angel as he who taught them the spell of its creation? And phi-

losophy—what one is there of the feverish themes which burn like a coal on the lips of woman, which may not be called philosophy? Is it love?—There is a whole chapter upon it. Social affections? Chapter after chapter—written too, if Brown is the text-book, in very poetry; and more like the twilight dreams of Alciphron in the garden of Epicurus, than a cold and indifferent philosophy. They may reason up stars if they will—talk of ascending existences, and the mystery of immortal intimations—they may grow subtle upon perception and idealism—but I tell you there is not a principle of them all which does not appeal to sympathies—and there—you can go on without me.

There is a feeling of confidence in one who has opened fountains of thoughts to us; and gratitude, the very element of love, springs strongly up towards one, by whom our intellectual nature is refined and elevated. The position, too, is one which shows each to the best advantage; and the mutual impression is one of mind, not manner or person, though both may affect it. And then the minute circumstances—the dark hair falling by accident over the page on which your finger is resting; the common seat; the united attention; the exchange of near looks and civilities necessarily familiar, the difficulties, excitements, triumphs! If I had a daughter—alas! I have none—would I trust any man in such a relation—any man, Caliban even, to teach her feverish poetry and unlock the secrets of her heart with a key of philosophy? No!—

Mr. Augustus Skefton was a cousin, of indefinite removal, to Mr. Blair. He was a man of large fortune, who had come to the conclusion—the most sensible one of his whole life—that the world was a very indifferent lover, and that he must look about him for a better. He had always known Alice Blair, but he never imagined, till she went into society, and the discovery was made for him by the world, that she was any thing but an unfortunate female, whose face and figure threw her beyond matrimonial probability; and, as he shrewdly suspected, from the hollowness within, and his negative currency, in the world, that he was a cypher, he never dreamed that his value could be increased by one who cut so small a figure. Of course he had no thought of marrying her. She came to town, however, and, with what he considered a heroic peril of his *ton* he had consented to accompany her at her *debut* in a fashionable circle.—To his profound astonishment he saw that he had introduced a star of the first magnitude, and for the first time in a vegetation of thirty years, Mr. Augustus Skefton found himself of consequence. He made an incontinent resolution on the spot, to permit her to love him—a consequence of his present condescension, which he had previously anticipated with no less indifference than certainty.

The unconscious Alice saw nothing in his manner more than a proper appreciation of herself, and a desire to be agreeable, and when he drove up to her father's door in his splendid barouche the following spring, and announced graciously his intention of drawing upon their hospitality for the summer months, she received him with a cordiality which he attributed to an ill-disguised tenderness, and which he rewarded by giving her two fingers more to shake than was warranted by strict Brummelism.

Mr Blair knew more of the "symptoms," and less of Mr. Skefton than his daughter. He knew that no common motive influenced his visit, and knowing him to be a man of good moral character, and believing him to be, in every other respect, a suitable match, he had no objection to let things take their course, and accordingly treated Mr. Skefton with a sincere hospitality, which that gentleman placed to the same account with his daughter's cordial welcome.

With these favourable indications, the town-cousin felt himself perfectly secure; and without troubling himself with what he deemed unnecessary attentions to Miss Alice, he fished and rode, and amused his fancy with the sensation he should make with his young bride at the autumn parties, with a most enviable unconcern. As to any fears of a tutor who had no property in the stocks, and never had been a manager of the Bachelors' Ball—if the idea ever entered his head, the evident indifference of the lady banished it in a moment.—

(Concluded in our next.)

FROM THE BOWER OF TASTE,

Ellen.

A SKETCH OF TRUTH.

"How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
That eye is dim which shone benignly bright,
The holy meekness that her heart display'd
Hath sought its home in worlds of endless light.
Mute is that voice whose mellow accents stole
Like Gilead's balm, into the wounded soul."

Ellen was the friend of my childhood. She was young, gay, and beautiful; the rosy bloom of health glowed on her cheek, and pleasure danced in her eye. Bright morning beheld her plucking the flowers yet sparkling with dew; and at eve, sweet sleep wrapped her senses in forgetfulness. A father's holy love, and a mother's tender care, observed each dawning virtue of their daughter, and smiled with approbation upon all her affectionate endeavours to please.

Ofi have we rambled through the field and wood, with hearts bounding with joy, and viewing in perspective many years of happiness, till the mild beauties of evening threw a dim curtain over the surrounding landscape, and the twinkling stars told us, we must part.

Thus passed our childish days. Alas! we little thought that life was a dream, and all its enchanting prospects empty and delusive. But time had scattered the snows of age upon

the head of her father, and the angel of death summoned him to the tomb, and ere the deep wound in her youthful heart was healed, her mother, too, was gone. The voice of paternal tenderness no longer soothed her cares, or hushed her aching bosom into peace. And slander came with its contaminating breath, and blanched the roses on her cheek, and stole the lustre from her eye. But again was she compelled to taste the bitter cup of sorrow. A sister, young and lovely like herself, was torn forever from her view, and borne to the cold damp grave. Her early doom drew tears from the careless observer, but it pierced the heart of my friend with inexpressible grief. Feeble nature could bear no more. She drooped like the fair flower severed from its parent stem, and long her spirit hovered on the verge of eternity. But the God of the fatherless did not forsake the orphan child in the hour of woe; he poured into her bosom the healing balm of religion, and diffused an unearthly sweetness over her pale cheek. Hope now dawned in her soul, and with a heavenly smile she pressed my hand, and bade the world adieu.

Such is life. The morning sun promises a day of serenity and happiness; but ere it reaches the meridian, how often dark clouds obscure its beauties, while the tempest spreads desolation around it. Had not the beneficent Author of our being endowed us with fortitude to support us in the hour of affliction, and given us hopes of happiness hereafter, to compensate us for the sorrows of this life, we should be miserable indeed.

EDITH.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

FROM THE EVENING BULLETIN.

Mr. Brainard.

There is a chasm in society, when such men die. Ordinary men may pass away, and lie down quietly among the graves of undistinguished millions of their predecessors—their absence is scarcely perceived, and their places in the living world are instantly supplied. But it is not thus with splendid genius and pre-eminent virtue—with qualities like those incorporated in the character of Brainard, and which are but inadequately, though feelingly and sincerely, delineated in the annexed biographical sketch from the Hartford (Conn.) Mirror of this morning—that journal which, for several years, was the depository of his own brilliant and fascinating effusions. The subject of this brief tribute was one whose amiable temperament and high literary accomplishments we had long known and admired. Through his bright, but compendious editorial career, those who watched his path could not but feel peculiarly interested in his progress, and solicitous for his welfare. We were long since aware of the insidious and alarming nature of

that disorder which threatened to arrest his course, and prematurely to deprive the community of an ornament so highly prized; and when we learned the fact that he was no more, we could not think of placing that fact with the cold epitaphs that comprise the ordinary catalogues of death, and of simply announcing the departure of such a spirit as a mere item among the every-day annals of a newspaper: and we tarried until some due memorial should come to us from that most appropriate source, the publication whose pages were in days by gone enriched by the efforts of his intellect. It follows:

"It is, this week, our sad duty to record the death of J. G. C. Brainard, esq. the former editor of the *Mirror*. This was not, indeed, unanticipated, for we had heard with regret that he was gradually sinking beneath the stroke of disease. But when the word came, 'Brainard is dead!' it still seemed a sudden and startling event, which we had not realized, and for which our feelings were yet unprepared.

"It will not at such a moment as this, be expected of us to give a detailed account of Mr. Brainard's life. The principle events which belong to a career like his are told in a few words. He was the son of the Hon. J. G. Brainard, of New-London; he was graduated at Yale College in 1815—studied law in the office of his brother, Wm. F. Brainard, esq. of New-London, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Middletown. He returned after a short time, to his native town, and in 1822 took upon himself the editorial charge of the *Mirror*, which he resigned about a year since in consequence of his ill health. He returned to the paternal roof, where he gradually wasted under the influence of consumption. Aware of his approaching fate, he bade a last adieu to life—turned his eyes with cheerful and confident trust to heaven—and on the twenty-sixth of September, peacefully yielded his breath to him who gave it. His age was thirty-two.

"Such is the outline of the life of a man of genius—one, to use the words of a reviewer of his little volume of poetry, 'who might have marked the age with his name.' But it is not in external events that the life of such a man consists—it is the workings of his mind which truly constitute his actions—and the history of these may properly be considered his biography. Such a memoir of Brainard, could it be written, simple and common as were the circumstances which marked his career, would display a variety and richness seldom equalled.

"Those who knew Mr. Brainard but slightly, possibly regarded him rather as a wit—and perhaps as a trifler—but this was not his true character. We knew him long and well—and wit certainly he had, of the best and most delightful kind—and he trifled too—too often, perhaps. But his mind was really deep and serious—and the editor of the *North American*

judged him rightly, when he characterized him as more excellent in lofty than humorous composition. The lines on 'Niagara'—'On a late loss'—and many others in his little volume are the true indices to his real genius. He sported often indeed—and he always met his friend with a smile and a joke—but his gayety was generally a cover to some secret sadness—and was rather the song of the dying swan, than the natural and true feeling of his breast.

"But he is gone, and we shall not soon look upon his like again. We have parted with him forever—and to us it is the loss of a friend whose heart was cast in nature's best and noblest mould—to the world it is the loss of a man of genius—a poet—a gentleman—an honest man. But he died happily, and we repine not. His spirit is gone to God who gave it—and if we think mournfully of the light that so lately shone among us, thus soon and suddenly extinguished, it is on account of our own loss, and not for what to him is gain."

In addition to the above, the following remarks, from the pen of the editor of the *Boston Statesman*, will be acceptable to our readers:

"We knew him slightly—but with that slight knowledge we loved him much. He was a man to win hearts—as high-minded and talented, and generous a being as ever lived under heaven. We do not know how to speak of him. We hate a measured eulogy of one who needed, or, if alive, would care for it, so little. To those who knew him, it is all unnecessary, and to those who did not, it is impossible to say what we would say if our feelings were articulate. Brainard did not make much noise in the world. He was an unassuming and an unambitious man—but he had talents which should have made him our pride. They were not showy or dazzling—and perhaps that is the reason why the general eye did not rest upon him—but he had a keen discriminating susceptibility, and a taste exquisitely refined and true. He was one of those very few, but very happy men, who learn early a fine inward reliance—a belief in the sufficiency of a severe intellectual worth, which makes the possessor enjoy the world he lives in without leaning upon it. It turned the eye in upon himself, which might have been turned upon his ambition—and made him love better an hour with his own heart than ten with a world willing to do him honour. With all this I never knew a man more fond of his friends or pleasanter in company than John Brainard. The first time I ever saw him, I met him in a gay and fashionable circle. He was pointed out to me as the poet Brainard—a plain, ordinary-looking individual, careless in his dress, and apparently without the least outward claim to the attention of those who value such advantages. But there was no person there so much or so flatteringly attended to. He was among those who saw him every day, and knew him famil-

early; and I almost envied him as he went round, the unqualified kindness, and even affection, with which every bright girl and every mother in that room received him. He was evidently the idol, not only of the poetry-loving and gentle sex, but of the young men who were about him—an evidence of worth, let me say, which is as high as it is uncommon. There are very few men capable of leading and shining in society, who do not incur the ill-will of those in whose way they must sometimes come, and I took pains to find out what I now know, that Brainard had no enemy. It was not that his character was negative, or his courtesy universal. There was a directness in his manner, and a plain-spoken earnestness in his address, which could never have been wanting in a proper discrimination. He would never have compromised with the unworthy for their good opinion. But it was his truth—his fine, open, ingenuous truth—bound up with a character of great purity and benevolence, which won love for him. I never met a man of whom all men spoke so well. I fear I never shall.

"When I was introduced to him, he took me aside and talked with me for an hour. I shall never forget that conversation. He made no common-place remarks. He would not talk about himself, though I tried to lead him to it. He took a high intellectual tone, and I never have heard its beauty and originality equalled. He knew wonderfully well the secrets of mental relish and developement, and had evidently examined himself till he had grown fond as every one must who does it—of a quiet, contemplative, self-cultivating life. He had gone on with this process till the spiritual predominated entirely over the material man. He was all soul—all intellect—and he neglected therefore the exciting ambitions and the common habits which keep the springs of ordinary life excited and healthy—and so he died—and I know not that for his own sake we should mourn.

"I meant to have said something of his poetry. It is worthy of being brought out and placed high. It is pure and delicate, and sometimes sublime poetry. He wrote literally from impulse—never to get up rhyme, or make gain. His poetical talents were the ministers to his heart, and his friends and his relations had all its devotion. There is no one of them who has not some touching memorial of this kind which he had given them. Every incident which touched his feelings, or was of interest to those he loved, became the subject of his exquisite talent. It is a reputation worthy of a poet—worthy of more than a poet. I would rather live in the hearts of my friends as Brainard will live, than have the honour of the world. I would rather have been Brainard than Byron. I would rather be Brainard than, without his memory, have my name rung to the corners of the universe.

"I say I meant to criticise his poetry. But

it is like unfolding the garments of the dead. I cannot go over it and criticise it. I should not do it well. I will do it, one day, deliberately. He is dead now, and fame will come too late—but he shall have it, and the glory that he did not covet while living, shall burn over his grave."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

New England.

"Thy cottage homes, New-England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid the goodly green-wood trees
O'er all the pleasant land."

Such would, perhaps, have been the words of that "eleventh muse," the gifted poetess of England, in the beautiful stanzas descriptive of the rural scenery of the clime of our ancestors if they had been applied to the land of the Pilgrims. It is a goodly sight to look on the green hills in the glowing spring time, when the insect hosts hum over the opening buds, and the mild and balmy air winnows fragrance from the expanded blossom, when the mighty power that regulates the course of the season exerts its most mysterious action, and herb and tree are swelling with renovated freshness. But the landscape affords a more delightful prospect when the forest has put on his robe of many colours, and he that will climb the heights overlooking, like watch towers, the yankee land and stretch himself out under the shade of the huge walnut, in one of those sun-bright days that gladden the declining year, may contemplate a richer picture than poet or painter ever imagined. The sabbath stillness of the cool invigorating air, will be broken only by the dashing of the sear and withered leaf in the silver stream that winds along the hill side down into the valley, or the frolicking of the squirrel gathering in his harvest of nuts. Beneath him he may see fields covered with flocks and herds, or perhaps goodly plantations of honest pumpkins sunning themselves and turning up their yellow backs among the corn-hills, to prepare themselves for the festivities of the "thanksgiving" that comes as sure as time himself. He must be blind indeed if he does not refresh his eye on the orchards with their rosy checked fruits, and the gardens with the jolly sun-flowers lolling their broad good-humoured faces over the walls, and the roofs peeping out from among the trees, with the smoke rolling up in graceful curls.

"Thy free, fair homes, New-England—
Long, long at freedom's call
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall.
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God."

Nobility of Blood.

Crantz, in his Saxon History, tells us of an earl of Alsatia, surnamed on account of his great strength, *Iron*; who was a great favourite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favourites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some noblemen maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favourite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying according to the popular belief, that "if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose, during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand you dog!" At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his nightcap on the lion's back, came forth without ever casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

Signs.

[Translated on purpose.]

If you hear an uncommon noise in the night, it is a sign that, from some cause or other you do not know what makes it.

If you see a ghost, it is a sign that your intellect is weak, and that you are deceived.

If you see a man near you who reported your private conversation, to make difficulty, or to enable a vagrant to prosecute you, it is a sign you had better get out of his company.

If you see a man pretending to know more than those who have enjoyed double his advantages, and have improved them better, it is a sign he is a fool.

If you hear a death-watch, it is a sign there is a small spider near you.

If you hear a dog howl in the night, it is a sign he is not asleep.

If you see a man neglecting his own business to talk politics, it is a sign he is poor.

If you plant seeds in the old of the moon, it is a sign they will vegetate and grow as well as if they had been planted in the new.

If you hear a man boast that he is better than his neighbors, it is a sign you had better not trust him.

Passion.—Fletcher, of Saltoun, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then its no sooner off than it is on."

In death itself there can be nothing terrible, for the act of death annihilates sensation; but there are many roads to death, and some of them are justly formidable, even to the bravest; but so various are the modes of going out of the world, that to be born may have been a more painful thing than to die, and to live may prove a more troublesome thing than either.—*Lacon.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1828.

The low price at which the Repository is afforded, renders prompt payment particularly desirable to meet the various expenditures with which its publication is attended; our patrons are therefore respectfully reminded that six months from the time of subscribing is the longest term, according to our conditions, for payment in advance; notwithstanding which, we would say to those of our subscribers who have not paid within the time specified, if they will send us, *one dollar, free of postage*, within ten days after the receipt of this number, the additional charge of *fifty cents*, to which they are liable, will not be required.

And to all who are indebted for this paper we would say they would confer an obligation on the publisher by remitting the amounts of their subscriptions, *post-paid*, without delay, that we may know how many substantial subscribers we have on our list; for we have learnt by experience that some subscribe, who never intend to pay; from such mean-spirited wretches "Good Lord deliver us;" it may be sport to them, but many such subscribers would be death to our paper.

To those who have complied with our terms, we tender our grateful acknowledgements, and hope, by our continued exertions to please, to merit their further patronage.

Not having a sufficient number of plates in readiness, we are under the necessity of postponing their circulation until our next number.

MARRIED,

At Columbia Ville, on Saturday the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Duncan McNeill to Miss Mary Van Loon.

On Sunday, the 19th ult. by the same Rev. Gentleman, at the same place, Mr. Simon Albert to Miss Ann Eliza Rogers.

At Johnstown, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Charles Thomas Greeg, of Newburg, to Miss Cornelia Roraback, of Churchtown.

DIED,

In this city, on Thursday the 13th inst. of a rheumatic complaint, Mr. William E. Norman, Bookseller, in the 52d year of his age.

On the same day, Mrs. Sarah Deuell, aged 75 years, and 1 month.

At Claverack, on Friday night the 14th inst. Mr. Henry Livingston, in the 37th year of his age.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. FUNERAL AT SEA.

'Twas Sabbath morn,—and all was still
Across the face of ocean;
No breeze pass'd by the sails to fill,
Or to disturb devotion.

The vessel paus'd, as though she knew
The mournful grief and sadness,
Which dwelt among her hardy crew,
Where late was nought but gladness.

They, gather'd around the windlass, were
Sank deep in sad reflection,
And each face seem'd borne down with care,
And sunken in dejection.

The preacher rose, and "Earth to earth,
And dust to dust," was spoken,
And every trace of former mirth
Seem'd now for ever broken.

Then, as the coffin touch'd the wave
And rested on the billow,
Each hardy tar wept o'er the brave
Who now had sought his pillow.

They wept—and prais'd his noble form,
And prais'd his manly beauty,
Who in the most terrific storm
Would ne'er neglect his duty.

And fancy now portray'd to view
The anguish of a mother,
And of a sister when she knew
The exit of her brother.

* * * * *

The waves are his pillow,
The coral his bed,
And secure from each billow
Now slumbers his head;
And although on the ocean
Loud tempests may sweep,
Free from their commotion
He'll peacefully sleep.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. MEMORY.

There is a ray more passing bright,
Than all the twinkling gems of night;
It lights the soul at mem'ry's shrine,
Its soothing power we can't define.

There is a ray, more calm and mild,
Than summer's sunset o'er the wild;
It shed its radiant light upon,
The memory of days long gone.

There is a ray more lovely far,
Than evening's fairest, brightest star;
It brings to mind those visions past,
Which were too dear, too fond, to last.

There is a ray to me more sweet,
Than is the smile with bliss replete;
On mem'ry's page it opes the day,
And points to friends, who're far away.

JULIUS.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Summer may spread her choicest flow'rs,
And zephyrs waft their fragrance round,
And smiling skies, and pleasant bowers
With the blithe songs of birds resound;
Yet will not these a charm impart,
If peace is banished from the heart.

Winter may bid his tempest rise,
And change the earth's fair robe of green,
And leafless bowers, and frowning skies,
Afford a sad and dreary scene;
Yet will the heart, bright verdure wear,
If peace has fixed its dwelling there. J. S. L.

The following beautiful compliment TO A NEWLY MARRIED PAIR, is from the pen of Mr. J. G. C. Brainard, late editor of the Connecticut Mirror:

I saw two clouds at morning,
Ting'd with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It mov'd so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Bread-eater.

PUZZLE II.—Because he is not at all (a tall) black,

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A Magical Receipt to make a fine Shade Tree.

Take the first Task which learned mothers show,
And at the centre cut the same in two;
Next from the bottom of the upper part,
Dissect two crooked limbs, devoid of art;
Then with quick breath those sever'd limbs pronounce;
And you shall have a noble Tree at once.

II.

A word in English you will find,
Seven letters it contains;
From which, if two are ta'en away,
Exactly eight remains.

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